# A Lookinglaſs for the WHIGS:

OR,

## *Down with Common-Wealths-Men.*

A Country Fellow took a Daw,
A Pillaging his Wheat,
And, tho' 'twas Hanging by the Law,
Ty'd only one of's Feet;
Then gave him to a little Child,
Who with a deal of Joy
Made much of him, and laugh'd and ſmil'd
At ſuch a pleaſing Toy:
But yet the Bird was mighty dull
To think he was confin'd,
And, tho' he had his Belly full,
Was not content in Mind;
Wherefore he from his Keeper ſlip'd,
And, longing to be free,
To an adjacent Thicket skip'd,
And kaw'd out **Liberty.**
When 'twas not long before the String
He had upon his Foot
Entangl'd him, and made him ſing
Another kind of Note;
And, ready to give up the Ghoſt,
For want of uſual Food,
He own'd that he himſelf had loſt,
Not knowing what was good:
Fool as I am, I was preſerv'd
While kept from being **Free**,
He cry'd, but now, alas! am ſtarv'd,
And with my **Life** have purchas'd **Liberty.**

The MORAL

*Down, down with Kings*, our Common-Wealth's-Men cry,
*The Name's infectious grown*,
*Nor let the* Rays of Liberty
*Be darken'd by the* Throne.

*When, ſhould the Powers they pray to grant*
The Miſcheifs they implore,
*The Nation would experience the Want*,
*And* ſtarve, *that* pinch'd *before.*

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